Marcel Ray Duriez

Nevaeh

Book: 10

They Call Out

Chapter: 70

These are all my photos; I hope you enjoy um'. This was my life… baby!

Like before I get in the door and the girls disperse, and Marcel and I see one another and it on I could not help myself all I can say is he is amazing. He takes his hand and drags him over to me, pushing other people out of the way back to his room. The party has started this night I am not out on the dance floor shaking my ass, instead, my ass is shaking for it's riding

up and down on Marcel’s hard long d*ick.

(Holy crap he said, after about thirty times. I knew he jizzed inside me, yet I did not care at this point, I did want him to pull out, it was hard even if he came as hard as I, over and over it went all down.)

Just like I always wanted it with the one that falls to me, we are soaked from head to toe, yet I felt someone pulling me away like always, it must be Madilyn, yet I was feeling it all, saying it all, even the ones on the

dance floor I think could here this, and the music is rocking the house, yet it was all the same. Jenny- ‘busted in saying what is that nose. Are you getting mattered? Why did she gross-out.’ What is that small she said?

Marcel- ‘You should know come-dumpster.’ ‘WHAT THE HELL!’ ‘SER-io-us-LY!’ I say in my special way. Maddie and Olivia say at the same time- at the same damn time. ‘And I just broke into song and danced it out into the bathroom awkwardly. Hey, you

can sing? You have a higher belt- It sounds like someone I know.’

I was walking all along just going for a walk outside after the party, I just felt good, I didn’t know if I wanted to sing, dance, and or cry; I was that happy getting to be with Marcel, so I went to my spot in the old car in the junkyard. I have to jump the face and rip my tank top or something like that yet it worth it, to see my dream car, sitting there I not a girlie girl but I love this cute thing it’s sex looking like me. I found this old car at colleen’s

junkyard it like right next door, I freak’n loved this old piece of crap, I even had sex with myself in the back seat, I took the old hood ornament off myself and keep it, my dad said it was off of Neveah’s dad's car, yet it was given to my mom and that why it just sitting outside for all the kids like me to rip the parts off of and sell on eBay.

My stepmom hated Kristen, my real mother, so that is why the car ended up where it’s at, it was passed down yet the step-monster made sure I would never have it. My stepdad said

the emblem is of a 1950 Nash that I found, little did I know it doesn't go on that car yet, I think it's a good fit, I was getting the car on my eighteenth birthday- I freaked up and had to die, just like me in the graveyard we both are retreating away.

My stepdads had the 1950 Nash which he said was the first real sports car and it's all steel, so I put it back on without him knowing that I did, funny maybe that's why I passed doing something like that… it was like it was meant for that car, or so he said and I

did also. There is an old fender off what likes to be some old ford over there too that is rusty red, I am not sure of the year it’s too damn old for me to know. I remember right my dad said that grand-ma Nevaeh went to school in something like a 1965 Cadillac Deville convertible, yet, I don’t see that she had like nothing, I don’t know what that thing is. Like with these old cars, don't think you have a seat belt, you just cracked your head off the dash of the Nash and then they wiped it off, and sold it to some other poor ass hole.

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(Back at school)

I never realized that if a girl is in-like with she starts right at your Junk, then they look back up and if you turn around, they look at the cute butt. I say walking down the hallway out of the door of the lunchroom- ‘It is February- yeah, what can I say, it's just another freaking- freaked up day, who-and-ray. Oh- Oliva said- all the other girls are too busy doing whatever it is they do to care about me. Where are you going next? She said, ‘I didn’t know

I'd be outside.' I pass the soccer fields on our right as we loop back toward Lower Lot. At this moment in time of year the fields are all tousled up, looking ever so dirty with a few straggly weeds, and a few patches of auburn grass. 'I feel like I'm having déjà vu,' I say once more.

'Flashback Fridays, Throwback Thursday Facebook, Twitter Mondays- I don't give a flying crap- even back to freshman year- I don't give a rat's ass, you know it's all hitting me like a brick in the red nose.' Just like all the

holidays, I don’t freaking care about what everyone does, I just sit in my room and pet kitty.

Ha! Classic punt! ‘I’ve been having déjà vu all morning, afternoon, evening, and all the freaking time.’ I can’t stand it anymore- I feel like it not me doing crap anymore- I feel freaked up and sore, for sure, I- myself am rubbed raw and tour, must you- some more- I hear as I pass one of the windows to the cafeteria from the outside, and I say what the freak- That what I just said. I blurt it out yes, yes,

yes- I can stop myself. Instantly I feel better. I feel like it happened, sure that not what this is, yet it feels good to feel good. ‘Let me guess.’ Jenny brings one hand to her temples and frowns, pretending to concentrate.

‘You’re having flashbacks of freaking yourself to the last time Madilyn was this annoying before nine a.m. you're just sick.’ They rush too to the window from the inside knowing my sexy voice.

‘Shut up!’ Madilyn said as she leaned forward and Oliva grabs her ass

as she does, her arm flies up and grabs her boob, and we all start to laugh. I smile too, relieved to have spoken the words out loud, and maybe, I am not the only freak-up girl in this school. It makes sense… I hope so- I hope.

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Hey-yy- I am-m Emallie Emersen, I feel that is time for me to speak, however really I can't as good as the other girls, yet I am still part of the group, you can call me hearing-in-part, or say I have a disability it's okay, I do, I have wires coming out of the back of

my neck yet I still an awesome girl to get to know you I do get hell for it, and it’s going to take the right boy to fall to me. I don’t do the sign-language- crap, more-ever- I miss a lot like this whole thing, I don’t hear the music, I see and feel, I don’t hear the sounds of the kids next to me, I don’t even know what it sounds like to hear water in my ears, I was born this way. Karly just said it was time to say something… ‘Hi-a! Everyone.’ I don’t talk because I don’t want anyone to think I am restarted; I am far from that… really!

Karly, she said, I feel she is a cute-ie, blond hair- with black underneath, her eyes are gray yet with almost a purple cast to them, so odd, so cast it amethyst, ‘I have to learn not to talk so fast it all blends together, can you understand me now?’ Karly giggles because I sit all day making vagina hands in class and no one gets what looks like a demand jester, not even the old guy or girls at the front. ‘Look at my hearing aid, ain't it nice aren't my wars perr-id-E-e!’ I am looking for a boyfriend yet I can’t get on at this crappy school, I would love to have

love. I feel that I am sweet, yet no guy gets past this little thing about me, ‘Like I mean sweet baby Jesus- I have boobs and a vagina too you know.’

‘Just because you were- was not born with a gold spoon up your ass, doesn’t mean you better than me.’ One boy even said- ‘He’d thought I would short-circuit and shock his d*ick off, so yeah I am the virgin in the group not wanting to be.’

‘Gross- God- Crap!’

‘Don’t worry, heaters. You’ll be fine.’

It's only one reason why I am this way, I’m happy I decided to have sex anyways I see what my girlfriends do and I feel sick about it: I don’t see the fun in it anyway, I said yet it would be nice to be more than what I am to everyone, just because I am like this does not mean that I, not a girl. Gratefully, since Madilyn is still a virgin it means I won’t be the very last one, either.

Sometimes, I feel like out of the five of us I’m always the one tagging along just for the ride not hearing

annoying that I should something I feel like I do not even want by the others other than Karly, just there for the drive. ‘I told you it was no big thing yet it is I have heard some talk about Madilyn like a girl- do I have to turn to find love? I hope not I like d*ick too much.

I am girl-oaky!’ One even asked me what would sex sound like to you, my eyebrows neared thinking- hum I would not I can’t freaking hear it- when I am soloing. ‘My mom thought I was dying once.’ I said weirdly- and the boy

just walked away- with a little sideward weird smile on his pimple face, like he enjoyed that or something. I was giggling on the inside too, like if you love me why would you care- ass-wipe.

Karly- look at your crater face, make fun of you and your flawless look at your face, I wish I had that. Jenny said- 'Freak that you'll be freaked, that's all you'll ever get to face it.' I don't like this girl. She freaked Karly over we were friends before and now we seem to be drifting apart, she just wants to be like that slut, and I don't

get it.’ It makes me nervous anyway for my ‘Girly parts’ look different from the other girls, all tucked in and such, not seeing anything but a slight and the skin of my hood hanging down, it’s all pushed together, Jenny called it- ‘A full-out hairy coin-slot!’ I don’t hear what people say- ‘I- find it.’

And that’s why yet get a part in it's what guys like, likewise, I am a virgin too maybe just maybe that is why also. Jenny has made me nervous, so I count all the mailboxes as we go by. I wonder if by tomorrow everything will

look different to me; I wonder if I'll look different from other people, I hope so. This is what I want out of a boy, to do for me and it's not asking much. I would love to have a boy coming to me fully, I mean yes, yes, yes, please I am on my knees asking for this every night that I could be on my knees like my girlfriends, I feel left out and not wanted by anyone. And if you give a hand you want only if you fit the molded, that an asshole boy wants you to fit into. I asked out a cute boy saying please have sex with me at the end of the first date like my girlfriends do, it

was not happening at all with him- and why not it should have.

Get over here she gestured, ‘No- that is okay.’ Why-a not? ‘I mean, it’s not you… it’s me,’ he said. I get freaking sick of boys saying that like they get sick me saying- that’s okay I have a boyfriend, it’s a good cover-up. He said maybe give me some time… Make up your mind now, or it’s not going to be. What I want him to do is shove it in sideways or anyway right now- damn why must I be so damn horny, I jeez- what gives, god it pushing

me- not be okay, find me someone- already. ‘Um- okay- creepy.’ I don’t get it; I don’t see what I am doing wrong here. I feel that I am getting to depart, yet can’t they see that I become a senior, and that says something: I am a loser over being this way, yet I did not choose to be. I feel like I am going to be a virgin through college, and most of my life it- I don’t get it tonight I have to keep away from the shame.

Just freak me, I said! Done is okay if I don’t look, he said- I said sure just do it! I lost all respect for myself

yet it’s overtime, given by the people in my school.

So, this is it, we get down on the floor he just undoes his pants and that was it, mine her just pulled down some, and my boy-shorts style undies off to the one side, yet it was going to happen I did not care. I can say it over and done, and he can tell all his finds about it the next day- or maybe not… for it's me.

He rips through me, and I scream bloody murder, not even counting down or nothing, ‘Just

popping it,’ as he said. It was so vocal and he said shut up B*TCH! I didn’t care… It was Ray so I get it if Karly knows I would be killed, yet I think it was a setup for me really, and that is sweet. She is just trying to help and I get that. So not romantic- so not! Not what I wanted at all, like what a girl wants to feel like she is on her period when having sex for the first time. Ray had something down and wanted to try it out on me- so I was the genie-pig.

It was so vocal on my end, not his. I felt like I was peeing, it was gushing out of me, is this pee?

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Ray- I feel her on the bottom, not… no crap- I felt this tight clamping down so tight I could not tell her about how- I could not pull back out… I was liking it… yet could not say, if… anything she was a better feeling to me than any other girls it was just that she was surely above not below.

I heard her sighs and it was all right, she is too hard on herself and I

have to be that way to keep what I got going. I was in her sweep feeling the wetness pushing out as he was rushing in; she was sighing long breath-ly and shaken with a tremble. She had such playfulness and bent upward to kiss me, I did and liked it but did not let her feel that I did. If anything, this is the girl for me… or so I was thinking yet it can't be. Yet you're the girl that-a looks hotter to me, yet is not that good, she was not a virgin, how did that happen?

How is she not a virgin… at her age… what is her age… I know it's

younger. I know this girl has not been giving hand jobs at five, she was all mine, and she did know how to do that either. Freak you- if you think this crap is wrong to say it is what goes on in my school.

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Chapter: 71

You going to miss me

(My story)

Emallie- (Number: E- 019-417491) I feel as if I am not wanted, so I ended it, now I am here as an angel

on earth to give my story, just like Karly, I want to save her from herself and the other girls before she can live on, she is in the renovation passé however she doesn't know that. I have nothing about me that is anything different than any other girl, I don't even have a wing yet not supposed to show you but, I will make the translon now so you can see, I have fallen downward yet should I have?

Like we all have to, by seeing the light and having some faith in it which Karly does not- she may go to

hell for it. I did this so I would not have to feel not wanted by others. Just remember boys out there that it's only thirty minutes for a girl to come, and not three flipp’n hours! Like come on boys are you that dumb, I would know I have been doing it all myself since I was ten. As of now she is going down and I never see her again, for you are all alone, like what I am doing now, can I be safe too… if I was not wrong in what I did, she is going to help me or so I feel.

Do not buy into it, not really. Hell- with that, there is no white-sh stuff- coming out when she said she done then she not done, if it's not running down then it is not done. And boys do not think you need to last that long the first time, I've seen that with Ray with my own eyes, and after the first take he was fifteen minutes longer, and we both hit the ending at them sometimes, so that has to be right, yet I was wishing that there was more I could feel that there was no need to be gone, I would have been okay with that, freak that crap- there is no need for a

boy to feel that way, just so some asshole can make some fast money.

I would love him just the same and if any girl has an issue with cutting off your hood and seeing if you like having it rub your jeans, you are not going to feel anything when making love. Or so I think… the girl needs to see what it should be like… not think of it the way they think it should be, it's made to be thought of that way for that what was made to be right. Kiss and cuddle what happens to that too! I want it!!! I need it!!! I want to feel it!!!

CRAP! This was all on Jenny saying- that he needs to have a change made, girl gets over it! It is a personal choice, not some girls to make, if you love them you should not care. I lived in one messed-up town! Where I was normal and there freaked up! Can't you see it not me? I, not the one that was the one, it was all of them, dude. One family, I got crap, my family restrained him in town.

'My mom bought me the abortion pill today to end it so that makes it okay.' I don't think so… that

going to hell right there, I'll see if I can get here to do what is right, yet what is right is what she has done… or is it? I asked her- 'What would you do- choose between what is it going to be.' I get sick of looking at freaked-up faces looking at me for a no-go reason.

'It is all- Bull crap!'

What kind of son of a b*tch are you! You are a condensing prick! You're nothing to me or anyone… out of this freaked up the town within this city. 'Hey, you! Look at me mother freaker- ha-ha-hey- you over their mother

freaker, in green- look at me- get the freak off my back! Get out of my life, and that goes for you all! Why not just pop another baby on the counter and have sex right after, you over there with the freaked-up face and ratty hair, clean it up some.'

Ask me to say that you freaked out and I will, you better run. Just like you in school seven to one, gain-banging someone like me, you need to run, you don't know what I have to outdo that number now. This is just me finally speaking my mind- it's time is it

not any you going to lesson to like it or not, ‘I have the floor.’ I get sick of little girls whispering to other girls saying crap about me that I cannot hear.

So- you want to stare at me, okay- yet I am getting pissed. I am happy- always- I was and you don’t want to see that. Yet the smell looks simple, or so they all say and who are they! I am not sad, I am not accounting weirdly, I- am just being me, so think what you want! I don't care… what you say, leave me alone. I want to get along

with everyone. So why did everyone stop it? ‘I don’t care anymore.’

Hashtag- (Out of tune, out of touch, out of chastity)

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Chapter: 72

When I am gone

Karly- I think back on it my great x4 Grandmother Hope went to school on black and wood 1919 Ford Model T Ford, I don’t get that, there were not even windows in the piece of crap. And then I can get my car. My

dad was telling me this unbelievable story. About this old car like a red 28 ford coupe or so he thought.

My dad was showing me the roof from it, somewhere down the line someone thought it was okay to cut up this cute little car just to be a d*ick about it, it must have been my great x4 granddad baby that someone was jealous of, saying he wanted to pass it down yet never to Neveah, so he junked it out for parts, and that explains why someone wanted the rooftop. Maybe someone thought it was going to go to

her and the sisters' family cut it up, really- I think that is how I got these parts.

Emallie- I feel that my little nine-year-old sisters are in her room as I am at school, however since that day she's never once stepped foot in my room. It's a bummer she more freaked up than me in some ways is it not? Like- since she never surprises me by fixing up my sheets anymore, she leaves all that should be folded laundry or a new sundress on my bed like she did when I was in middle school, yet all messy and

crap, but at least I know she’s not rooting through my drawers while I’m at school, looking for my sex toys or thongs. ‘If you want to come out here, why do you drag me?

I’ll get the thermometer, and crap and say I'm sick,’ she says, she is- very- hyperactive and more! She needs to be on Methylphenidate or (Ritalin) as they call it. She does something that I don’t like yet that what they say is needed. Her name is Judcël. Yet we just call her Judie, she hates that just say I am the boy she said, she not yet she

might want to be on this crap. ‘I don’t think I have a temperature.’ There’s a yell kicking and screaming my mom hitting my mom in the face, pushed in the wall, and punched off is how I lost my hearing that to this little brat… I was fine until she was impetus out of my mother. She should have had a d*ick it would have been a lot easier, than putting up with this… and get this mom is single, and on her own now with her.

I think sex before marriage is not a sin. I think the big deal should be

about SEX BEFORE LOVE. If you have been with somebody for a long time and you can easily see yourself growing old with them, getting married, maybe having children, then sure, I think it would be fine to make love. Sex is a natural desire found in all animals. Why should we deny Mother Nature's ways? (Of course, I respect all religions and beliefs, and I mean no offense if you believe in abstinence until marriage.) Well... uh, for one thing, you can get diseases. And then if you’re not married before having sex, what's keeping the guy from leaving you? Nothing... He'll

use you then leave. I think it's pretty dumb that you think it's no big deal...

~*~

#- Hashtag: (Rubbing too hard, and a hard way to die, and dying feels good)

Karly- I swear to God, I hear them kissing Ray and my sister or her. Not little bird pecks either. Open-mouthed, slurping, moaning, and groaning kind of sucking maybe some freaking- kissing. O-oh, crap’n-piss!!! I have to bite my hand off to keep from screaming, or crying, or bursting out

laughing, or getting sick or crap myself- or all of the above. A girl in my class named Stephaney Lizarick died for having too much sex, she did like over two hundred times and could not help but coming over and over, and it killed her, what a way to go, I would have loved to die that way to yet not alone as she did. Death is fun, for those that want to die, dying is living when you want to live, and lie. Here's Jenny's big secret: she was the one that said she could do this. She did think there was a such-of-a thing and there is not.

Death on the bed, feeling it in my head, things that have been said, things that can be read, all those that have fled, turning it all to black and blue, and feeling the red, what was shed, what led me to feel this way, what would you say?

Life is not worth living, when crying over-dying, when flying over yourself to see what was never there all up in the air, is all far, to stare at the one that does not care. What should I give and what should I take, what should I forsake, to life to live a life that

some won’t take away from me, don’t you see?

What will it be, just you and me… can it be? What does it need to be? What is free, what is right, if we spend the night, if it’s not you and me? I want to sit with you under the angel oak tree, on a branch looking down, we don’t care if they all frown, in this town, and they don’t need to make a sound, there beneath us on the ground.

Kiss me now, why not just do this, at last, the life of mine is going too fast, it’s like gunfire going through my

head, everyone wishes we were both dead. What more could be said, I think you get what I mean; about them, all being so mean.

Chapter: 73

You’re going to miss me when- I am gone…

Karly- ‘Don’t be all nice to face- like on the inside… I’ll be saying suck on my lady d*ick!!!’

Ellody- Jenny is my little freaked up sister, yet I freaking love this crap, she going with me this

weekend to go with us to this party, when I came back for a visit I go to IUP it’s my freshman year, and she is partying her ass off, she’s awful student yet awesome partyer, yet that all it’s about when you go to college than what I have been saying all along. She wants to be like me so much and that cute, yet be who you are not me. -snapping everybody in half for fun getting crap, that's what it’s all about in college, getting in the ass or puss. Yeah, I am eighteen yet, so what could she do to freak a guy to my age. It is their freaking choice.

I made fun of Maddie and Liv for having weird food issues yet my sister does more, it's what I do, I said it was okay, yet not too much. I love picking on these little girls, like- making fun of Olive for being such a lush and a pushover and Bi, they try to making fun of me… yet there are never going to be a good as I, for always being the last to do things first and longer, and that goes for FREAKing too. I the best b*tch! I got freaky when I was seven, I was in elementary school- still, so I have one of all of them, it may have been before… It was a long time

ago and many freakers before. Shut your freaking face if you think I say freak too much, this is me, ass hole.

Emallie- Maddie, Olivia and I knew something must have happened in New York, the time we went on a trip altogether, but Jenny wouldn't tell us when we asked her, and we didn't push it.

You don't push things with those two, I knew they both got it and she was young. I think it freaked her out and made her hate herself, she was

like freaking five, who does that to their sister and thinks it’s funny?

Jenny was always after some boy to feel whole. It’s so monotonous… what she does now, like she learned of her, then one night toward the end of the school year, she went all the way in front of us and everyone, and so did Karly, she made her- I bet you no… this.

All she does is just lay there and say just freak me, that how she feels, they all do, yet that what they were made to think was learned like:

spelling, or reading or arithmetic, you do what you want, all the same, that's on your teacher too.

Now we were all at Olive garden, this crappy pizza type of restaurant one town over where they do not have a card if you want something like water down strawberry foo-foo drink. Or having margaritas and waiting for our dinners to come. Jenny was not really eating, she was yacking it up in the bathroom, so why eat again.

She had not been eating since returning to her sister maybe she

cannot because that makes her nervous you know being around her, being something, she is not. She would not touch the permitted chips, saying she wasn't hungry, and instead, she kept dipping a finger into the salt and another dip, and saying that good enough. I just like one word can set a girl off like PMS-ing- or in Jenny's case FOOD, or reading, and spelling! She knows nothing but making a guy come, and girls too, yet that is not talked about either. And those sweet girls two might just be Bi, and not messed up completely like she is, I think… she is

the one taking them all to hell. I would know, I am holding their sets, for them, if you will.

Karly- I was rimming her margarita glass and eating and eating crystals with the other one that Jenny gives me. ‘I think not!’ Said- Olivia. ‘P*ssy!’ She said. I don’t want to die yet, I am only sixteen, I have a lot to see and do, and you don’t get that. I don’t recollect what we were talking about, but all of a sudden Jenny blurted out, ‘I had sex sixty times today, soloing and twenty times with different boys.’

Just like that… was it true or was it the drug's talking… we don't know? Why is she doing this to herself? Oliva asked within, I was questioning her morals… We all stared at her in stillness, and she leaned forward and told us in a breathless moment, that she was only eighty-five pounds now… and shedding like a dog. Olivia thought to herself that's not that unrealistic, I have soloed twenty times, in one sitting. 'Is that your two front teeth, she bit into a breadstick, I said then added in. 'Do you have baby teeth?' Jenny was freaking out. It was the two in the front

both went at last you know the one that everyone could see, she looked like a messed up farmer.

(Going back)

They’d had sex on her sister's California king long bed with Jenny fading in and out, and the guy was so-o uncomfortable, to say the least, she not doing anything really at this point- I think she going to die, there nothing left of her, I said- way back when; like seven or so weeks ago.

(Present time)

‘It was only, like, two minutes ago or so it felt I was saying just that,’ she said at the end, and I knew then she was shaking it off, that she was walking death.

She is having her midlife creases at seventeen, I swear that what this is… She is not even shaving her underarms anymore, God what do the others look like. Things we’ll never talk about, yet this is getting scary to me, I am a friend after all.

(Seven weeks back)

I have lived this more than I want nor need to, and this time It was in my hands… what will people think happened to me, that I went down with the bridge or was twisted around the tree, what do you see?

Karly- I am taking back in some ways, far off in the corner of her mind, everything is so blared yet so clear to me of what is going on, I feel like I can do anything like- jump off a bridge, and fly and feel my wings, which I never-ever have. Or will I…? Ha- I may have them I need to find out, I ran from

inside there and found the yellow overpass, and fowl over everything and everyone, with gray wings, it was a night sky, all the light made me glow even more, to the dying world below.

I want to fly to him or her or someone that loves me to get that white one that I should have. I have seen it all now, or so I think I do; yet will I remember when, I wake up in my bed undead, like all the days before. I killed myself- it's what they all see… I see the three rivers run through me now over my head, yet that is fine, I will-

drowned- that’s fine- to stop all this… I cannot take what I am doing or see any longer.

I kissed a girl, Jenny said, we all just about crap ourselves. I want to go home and sleep this off, said Madalyn was also known as Maddie, wanted you to come home with me, Olivia was also known as Liv, but I- she would not let us or for we all running after crazy Karly that is all freaked up in the head these days. She’s going to do it- she’s going to do it this time.

Right before the real came, she flowed out the door crying. She was freaking out waving her hands like a girl on drugs! Jenny was hugely relieved after telling us- ‘She is not going to go over, tee-he-ing- Saying ‘Chick-en sh-it, freaking- do it.’

And that is when she did, toes hangover she put her left foot out and took the first step down to the water below.

No- the rest of us said to see her fall for what seems like a lifetime plunging to ice-cold death. There was a

rescue, up till now she was dead when she smacked her head on the side of the bridge and freaked up her little cute nose, don't you see her laying out. No one came to this… said thing… that, I don't want to see yet that is life, you have too; it was just us two, we were- Maddie and Liv.

Her dad just gave up after the rack, saying 'my baby life is over.'

The little girl…?

The sister moved out with the boy toy, and the mother moved on with some other poor bestirred. The dad just

walked out of all their lives and started over the best he could, yet he loves Karly. She was his baby girl- And Jenny even made fun of that too.

All though she swore to us there was never- ever a pain of death, to her, it was an absolute secret- it’s the quiet ones you have to look out for we would see her whole mood changed instantly like she was in a dream as she called it.

#- Hashtag: (Free falling out into nothing, open-air, legs, and arm

looked in the lovers hold that lover with-in, saying no.)

Karly- this was not all in my mind!!!

The cards were not- laid out for me to see.

Chapter: 74

You and I

(Going back in time)

Marcel- I remember when Karly was a pretty freshman with heavy eyeliner, and moody-ness, yet fun, having big headphones around her

neck all the time, black nail polish, or French nails like all the time. I remember before she did all the d*ick-licks in high school. She said she was not much of a singer, yet would you look at this- old video I have, she sings her music here that she worth all by herself, and made her on the album, Yet Jenny said it freaking sucked so she killed it and her voices my making her try and outdo her with the rasp, doing this is something she should not Jenny- ‘Like- voice didn't sound- Aguilera at all.’ Explain your poor- performance, you b*tch- I say. I know this girl is

going to b*tch-slap me so hard you have no idea for this. I think this while walking past the football field seeing all the dumb ass hole though sit that cannot catch, it's like holding their balls…

FOOTBALL GUY's- Hey, resound vagina! They said to Karly- she is getting picked on for being with me. Their asses are- just sore for I am not freaking them… I would love to be with you.

Marcel- Little did she know she always was, on and off, when she could

be. She had to do what she did for her friends, showing off to be cool, and I am okay with that, I got her in the end, yet they say how does it feel eating out my d*ick, and all of our leftovers.

Though I've tried before to tell her, of the feelings I have for her in my heart.

Every time that I come near her, I just lose my nerve, as I've done from the start. Every little thing she does is magic. Everything she does just turns me on. Even though my life before was tragic, now I know my love

for her goes on… Do I have to tell the story of a thousand rainy days since we first met? I resolve to call her up a thousand times a day and ask her if she'll marry me in some old-fashioned way, but my silent fears have gripped me, long before I reach the phone, long before my tongue has tripped me… Must I always be alone?

(Remembrance- of who I was-)

I could have cried- I am not like that at all.

Karly- They suck baby d*ick don’t lesson to it! I say- as we walked

past holding eyes were us ever looked insufferable to our joy, they thought a football at my face, ‘Oh my- nose! ‘Throw the ball back now baby rapper!’ ‘I can’t she was all awarded with her left hand up to her mouth. I don’t get you a slut if you don’t give it all away, and a loser, snob, and wannabe if you don’t! And they think you're either gay, or sucking girls’ asses, or do yourself and they rub your nose in that too.

Karly- I stopped wearing my glasses after that day, when Jess Smith walked up and ripped them off my face

and broke them in half, and poked me in the boob hard. I miss them, what wrong with glasses, they make you look sophisticated. Why was I so quiet and laid back, and a pushover? Marcel- She runs like everything for the bathroom, like always- not making it very far.

She feels like some poor little girl, with a broken nose, and I remember when that happened. That is when I felt like she was in love with me she took the balls to the face for me. ‘I thought you liked balls in your face one boy said.’ You tripped and fell to the

ground, hard, and I picked you up and carried you to safety, and we fell in love, even more, kissing under the bleachers. ‘You’re a weirdo,’ and the kiss was long and – fearing H-O-T! Like, kick your tongue out smoking hot!

It’s still not as bad as the time my face was smashed to a brick wall, by some back boy- and I have to have something done about it, like getting my nose redone, yet I blamed it on my dad.

Jenny- Sing the same girl-ie crap every year, you’ll blow chunks all

over the place, which never happened, that's why she stopped singing way back when. You can see here doing it on YouTube! Like- It happened!

Jenny says every time someone brings it up.

Until some unicycles guy flies into the frame where nothing freaking speedo- showing his tor·pe·do with the American flag up his ass! I don't know if that is patriotic or what the hell that is… I am not sure what to look at. What can you say other than- 'Ew-ah-gross…? Who does that…?'

Marcel- It kind of reunions the magic does it…? I said.

Karly- Yep!

I am glad I cannot see all that anyway!

I am sure yours is better anyway.

(She goes underneath his underwear down for it, getting a handful, and does what she feels is right in front of them all. It was more romantic than you would think pervs.) I did it for me and him, I did not give a

crap; if they liked it or not… they can all look the other way. I have- a leaning popping lag kisses, and he rubbed his nose on mine saying it- I LOVE YOU! You'll be fine… I'll make sure of that.

Karly- Back in time: We rain from the schoolyard to my house… stole my dad's Nash and got married. My stepmother cased us down, with a bible in her hand saying we were sinners.

Both- We're sinner okay then- we all are- yet love is love even if age is in the way.

Marcel- the very next day, it was all over. Say what you want to say… I know why- how- and who.

It’s all good, I know she still loves me… deep down, even if it’s hard to remember, and hard to forget, she knows overall.

Marcel- Like with Jenny- Her parents just never- ever took her out of the shrink wrap, she still has the condom on her head, and that explains the brain damage, and why she can’t sing a note.

(All at the same time)

Stacey- ‘Gett’n- it…’

Becca- ‘Yep.’

Stacey- ‘Yep!’

Becca- ‘Yep…’

Stacey- ‘She has no- Undies…?’

Karly- ‘Um- she said- when the pants came down.’

Stacey- ‘Umm-hum- Marcel and Karly!’

Becca- ‘They want some of that.’

Stacey- ‘Yes they do!’

Becca- ‘Um-hum…’

Stacey- ‘You know it.’

Chloe- ‘Who is easiest to sleep with? Ray or Marcel?’

Stacey- ‘Marcel, her ass is his!’

Becca- ‘How would you know?’

Amie- ‘He’s only been with her, Like- like- it’s all over his face that she was it.’

Stacey- Nut-nah! It can’t be that he did it too, just look at that.

Chloe- ‘Holy-Freak- like- crap-um-damn. This ginger needs a drink,

God hoses them down… my blood God… Oh, my… Just roll in the grass, why don’t you!’

‘You want to make out?’ Stacey said to Chloe, and then Becca said- I feel left out like always.

Chapter: 75

Schools

You can see the old school sitting next to our new school; the sign is not even there anymore it's nameless. The one door off to the side is off the hinges, all old heavy wood.

There is a small amount of death, or crap coming from the inside, yet you can from far away, why tear it down, it’s falling on its own or so they say why to spend money on it. Look at the old playground swings swaying as the wind knockbacks, the siding boards rusting and off to the one side.

The teeter-totter some up some down some snapped in half, non-rideable the ground full of weeds and tall yellowing grass, in the air… I can hear the faint sounds of young girls laugh, and whisper come inside and

play. I know she is not that young, yet if she wants me to play I will, I don't see why not, I left my child-sh ways behind, so maybe I should.

This is the old Oak View school, or so they say- but it's where I see the face of a little girl, like looking back at me all ghostly and crap. They say her name is Lily Anderson, I heard the freaked-up story of the girl falling to her death and crap… we all have, my did pound it into my little head or he says, I will always be his baby, saying I

act like one doing what these girls want me to do.

So-ooo one day at dusk, I have a flashlight that was on the blink, so freak- it was not working for crap, yet it was something, I was load in I swear I don’t think my feet took me where I need to go, I feel someone was doing the walking for me.

~*~

(Is the blame on me…? I have been here lots of times looking around.)

-Who gets the blame for this?

-It’s all going back to the hex of the four sisters, -I feel- that got her- I could feel it too-

-It was not me, yet I was with her all the way-

-I saw it too-

-I don’t get it either-

-How do I explain this one without being crazy-

-I can’t tell anyone; they wouldn’t believe it-

-It’s that unbelievable-

I Karly- want into the abandoned building, to see if this was true.

Like I was walking up to this old abandoned staircase, where every other step was missing holding my hand shaking on top of the one servicing rail, the top of the tree somewhat next to me. The old tree is what shut the school down, after a big rainstorm, and two girl’s deaths. She was there out of nowhere, looking- see-feeling me. She went through me, like a knife, yet it was- worm.

She is now holding my hands to her like she was my girlfriend. Saying you look just like her! Her voice was a whisper, but yet strong adequate in an eerie way, she leads me to the window that was never fixed gusting in cold air, it was icy looking, and wispy, blowing back my hair, she said- yes- so like her… in every way, I love that! Creepy- I thought…? -Like- who is this girl she speaks of?

They got louder to me, and her voice softer, and more- lovely, I felt like I was falling for her, yet how…? You

never changed, did you? What- I asked… she thought I was someone else at this point, time moved on. She was in a flashback I think… yet I don't get it for I have those too.

(Questions- for the radiant girl)

'Why did you do it yourself?'

'Why?'

'Why- would you let them do this?'

Why are you doing it, and not facing you bullies, like I said you should or could even now.'

(It was passed on, yet did she know?)

If you bully would have for you.

(The school outside to in)

Look at this place, it's falling, now look around; Karly it’s all still- the-same isn’t it? Sure- I say, thinking she might go away, no- she gets closer to me and hugs me and long kisses me on the lips.

She said- I must be here all alone like always, where are you now?

‘Home’ I said- like what kind of question is that?

I am here because my soul is not at rest.

I said… ‘Cool- what-ever- rock on which-a bad-self.’

The wood floor is- so splintery on my flip-flops like nails are sticking up, poking me and crap, the boards are all cracked and you can see down one story, or more at times. Besides, some floorboards are missing altogether; I feel like I could go through the floor at any time.

(Room 202)

There is no light coming anywhere but her light she is giving off, looking over everything in its interiority, I see that there are boards over the old glass smashed glass window panes; not even the smallest glimmer or flicker of a star or moonlight at this point to guide me, nothing to show the way other than spun web cover over everything, even the hole that should not be cover seemed roached out, look at all the spiders crawling all down me, I don’t

go in there I was thinking. I went at night so no one would find me. Look even going down the hall the lockers start to bang themselves like humpers of the past. I could see kissing here doing that too. Like I could see it all in my mind too, like they all did when the kids slammed their looker in these unhallowed halls, look now there are papers everywhere, just left behind like love notes of the past, I want to read yet it has nothing there to be said, I could get some of it, yet not all… I don’t have anything wrong with me, I can’t see, should I take it with me?

I do-

(It was tucked in her underwire right strap, her outfit when cut off to be laid out for viewing.)

-It was Nevaeh and Chiaz’s first love note.

(Now)

You can foresee what's going to happen… can’t you- I sure did not in the past nor do I know, yet I do at times. It’s a new day, she sat back- crap let's do it a new way today- damn (‘Like- I want to choke down my

rabbit,') it works for me it's good to get that right, or so Jenny said. Yet I was feeling more than that below, and so was she, in my mouth. 'If you are going through hell keep on going don't slow down, if you are scared don't show it…!' My love was singing to be willing to do this, yet you can't hear that and if you do, you'll hear Maggie coming out.

(Back at the old school)

The hollowing sound of her voices in my face, it blows' a-crossed me and spooks me out, it is so haunted within these falling walls, yet see is not

scaring me at this point, I feel somewhat safe. As well as the wind howling as my thought makes, makes me think of who she maybe thinks I am. I see the hand-covered handrails going up past the old Gym and girl's locker room, looking into the showers it's like- I could see bare-ass naked girls and the steam in the air. With the sounds of: 'O-op-e-s-y- don't drop the soap!' All along with the sounds of girls giggling, hell- I don't want to know what's going on. Water running, just guessing like them… I had the bad thoughts and

photos running in my little-wicked mind.

Like the sands of time… not fading all away or turning all too black and write. Up till now the water and sound or the girls are from the past, or so I think and have been long gone, for them to be real girls, it was abandoned for years, like what is this crap…?

Like the snapping of a towel, my head spun around, as the little girl pulled me to the next room by her resenting glow, In the locker part of the room- I see all the old desked linked

together, she's sitting there proverb her story to me, her hair braids are freaking cute to me; like no girl does that anymore. Yet who are these girls, I think- I know, yet they don’t, see me. They don’t even think I see them all up in it. I heard these stories and believe it yet; I don’t believe it seeing it now unfolding in front of me. There is some random b*tch putting the redhead face in the capper, with the sound of the flush! I am good, she said.

They all don’t even believe in this dumb ghost story, or so the girl

that feels to death, the kids say that I go with; her noting her but legion and myth. I think about all the haunted love in this ghostly building, hell yeah, I do… that's what it’s all about. I see the light coming towards me, and then I start to come off my feet into it, weird-into the old library, there is no floor holding me. You can see the swimmers in the pool below, just like the auditorium is over there off to the one side.

The shaves are floating too, everything is, there are ghostly-like

boards there translucent I am not standing at all my feet are hanging down, floating on nothingness, not even my toes are touching as I seem as if I am sixty feet in the air or more, my arms crossed not wanting to look down, yet I have too.

(‘Angels Fall’ playing in the background)

I see it, I see, I see, the big window at the front seems to suck me into it, getting bigger and bigger. I float past all the books that have been

forgotten, like the kids of the past must have done also.

Oh- so long ago… The dance- like to me in my eyesight and that would be all right if I was crapping myself by it, it's cool, yet creepy; they twinkle with wonder as if they want me to know something that lies inside. Like a scrapbook, with a photo of my fall and open up or something, like that. And it did, yet it was not my life that I saw this time. It was everyone in my past that I never knew, mom, dad, and going back, it’s a slideshow ruining in reverse.

That is when she opened her wings to me and said- ‘Don’t give up without a fight!’

All right- I said.

‘This is what you give up to them’ -She said, (As she is standing in front of me with a phenomenon!)

I got to the end and saw myself passing and did believe it.

‘So… go-o…’

‘Run!’

‘Or they will kill- YOU!’

‘Like they did me.’

(I didn’t believe it, ha- what was she- like just some dream to me, if you will. It was not something I believed in at all like up or down, I want to say here in-between. I am too young to think about death. It’s never-ever on my mind, only when some old dude kicks it, yet who gives a crap, they have nothing to say anyway.

(Nevertheless, they do, open your mind to wander and you’ll see it all. Muddy thinking leaves to muddy water when they piss on you for being a- well- d*ick.)

Yet I saw it all, it is my memory of the last days leading up to the end, and I feel too their scheme. She all wrote to me and saw through, she was glissading in her floating gaze, blue eyes peering into mine, she hands something to say, yet I walked away back away from the light that light my way, I tripped into the darkness in the creeped-out hallways. Everything I touch- I drop, like my cell phone, I left behind: I have- well- Dropasea! I walk now, as I descend back to my feet, I feel my body and the weight on my feet now.

I saw it all, it is my memory of the last days leading up to the end, and I feel their scheme. She was floating all in white in front of me, note haunting- but almost angelic, and see-through, she was glissading I was looking too hard in a gaze, her blue peering into mine, she hands something to say, yet I walked away, backing away from the light, all the way back even if it lights my way, I tripped into the darkness in the creeped-out hallways, falling to them all the next day. Into the darkness I shall creep, now on my feet, I feel as if I am slithering like a snake, looking for

the pathway out of the underworld. The pool went from little kids having fun giggling and swimming to little kids burning naked in what seems to be a lake of fire, black wing spread.

As they ruined up and into my face and swirled around sucking life, or so it seemed, to me, as I felt I was blacking out, by their pulling on my body and lips. I never believed in Devilish entities until then with that thing sucked my face off, with the kiss of death to get it live to demonize onward. Loin-like up till now with horns

that slowly started to feel like they were ripping through my soul if there is a such-of-a thing. With a long hollow, I feel myself feeling it, go in hard than it did the first time I got freak in the p*ssy. I was hugged in a well-founded way, and they were all welcoming home, staying it fun here- (Yet- is- it?) I felt her hand all over my goodies, seeing if I cut the teen group, or that what she fed me. I was getting bit up with the lies.

(I did get it- do you?) Then she held my face, like the boy I am in love

with and she dropped away fast, then everything was back as it was before, just some old school, I was walking through. She said- ‘I love you-you can be mine, like my girlfriend down here.’ I was looking at the tat- it was Bacca or (B- 1441- 669 5033) I feel the of thorns, I see the flames in the eyes it makes me feel warm inside, when I am cold all the time, I feel the rubbing on me and I don’t mind it now she has a spell on me that is tempting and lusting, and oh so sexy. Why would I go looking for someone I know wants to slay me, I thought so I never- ever want to go

back for that phone, I was being a wimp and wasn’t planning on going back anyway.

#- Hashtag: (I want to read this, I need to see this, this is going by too fast, don’t get it)

~*~

Anyway's, like they put this crown-ie thing-ie, on me- and crap. It’s in my head now on mine even if you can see it, I always feel the blood dripping down my pretty face, yet I feel okay with this, I am not sure if it was a girl the face was not really there, and

hitherto it was moving through mine in a howling scream when she did it. I mean look at me I have a rock-ish crush on me that my girl hates, yet I still find cute, I am not going to change everything, or did I? I have on blue and white sneakers, I have somewhat messy hair all the time: Jenny calls it sex hair, like hers in nice all belched out with the black roots showing, and her eyebrows in plucked, like all that crap, needs to match too.

What’s wrong with wearing a baggie boy type top and having a bra

strap showing, so what, hell I just take the bra off and were a flannel red and blue boy style button-down with a few buttons at the top open just to give the guys some to look at other them my brown eyes, you- know. Jenny likes her easy accesses skirts and makes all feel we need to do the same, I don't- so much, not me, yet I feel it- it is not that hard to push them down some like you get that if you don't have anything on underneath it all the same- right? It's just as fast! I like I have a habit of touching my hair and looping it back behind my ear, quietly, I also talk with

my hands and move from side to side or so they say like now I have a sken-ie black dress-or pants on, ‘see... ain't they cute.’ I have long fingers also, that Jenny said- ‘I might stab my brain out when I- am-a picking a booger.’

Groooooossssseeeee!

This top is all checkered, I have a bandanna tied around my wrist, and a ring on a chain, that is his, I stole it. Yet he’s okay with it or so- I think so… I twist my mouth outwards like I am going to kiss, think it's okay. This T- is pink- gray- and dark blue, it just too-o

CUTE! Don’t tell me- I said that, do feel that I can be shy at times…? I do… I always kind of was… I think about all the stupid crap I do and get red-faced, like what I did today, crazZzie, I no better, I want to shut them all up.

Like I’ve shown all that down there- OMG! I don’t sleep with all those boys’ you-NO, I just cuddle up. I say more than I do- all girls do.

~*~

(Flashback to her)

I saw it all, it is my memory, in the last days leading up to the end; and I feel too their scheme. She was floating all in white in front of me, note haunting- but almost angelic, and see-through, she was glissading I was looking too hard in a gaze, her blue eyes peering into mine, she hands something to say, yet I walked away, backing away from the light, all the way back even if it lights my way, I tripped into the darkness in the creeped-out hallways, falling to them all the next day.

Not all the windows are completely covered over some have the old cracked glass hanging in there rattling and hollowing, like the scream of this girl as I was walking away, I ran, she was right there behind me, and then in front- so fast, I could not turn to run fast enough.

The doors of the rooms started to bang as they would open and close all by themselves, the light they come on and off in dissimilar places at different times, and started to flicker, the bullies were walking to me from the

end of the hall they're coming after this girl I know as Lily, so they can rap, as she said in this long cold, twisted, painful long ass story of her day in the haunted halls.

So, she screamed in my ear for help. ‘I will never be fast enough’ she said, as she gripped me and took me to her hiding spot in the old and falling in the bathroom. A flicker of light over my head like a light glowing evil, I saw all the faces she did, way back when, looking at her with murder and sodomy in their minds, shining through their

inflamed eyes, like squalling catcalling at her, there were going to tear her apart, and that what they did to her every time they could, in the past and every time they could get their hands on her. It was the four sisters- and they wanted someone to take it all down, or take me down, and they had their eyes on me, they- said- they would get me if I got away, I said that will be the day.

(They got me in the ass, and in the vag., you can say they got all of me.) I ran like a whole within me with a fire hell pouring out from down below,

as I fell to the lower overall riff stars, I knew I should not have walked up in here, I would have never run- into them… or so she said. I ran out the doors that just seemed to blow open in a whoosh, I looked back and saw her looking out the only window that was not covered up on the second floor. She said I see you soon, Karly- I am there for you. I did get it… I crap myself! And peed too, I would not say that to the girl but I did. I knew I had to go back and spend the night on Saturday with them to see what this was all about, and they did, the next day, and let them

see the threaded story and that girl. (Funny she said she had my back.)

Someone from every year is drawn into it… This time I guess it was me, it’s something that pulls at you if you don’t believe in it. Look at it, it's leaning and bricks are falling out, yet I love it- I faking love this old piece of crap, I just never- felt I should go inside, for this reason. It was calling out to me for years! Like the girl’s haunting voice. The school was here back when the town was nothing but a run-down ghostly town, now it’s a big

city, the old school is doffed next to Clit. All the old trees are stumps, and the routs show, like bitter withered arms pulling at your feet, and there is one that is dead, way overhead that has fallen to the grasses of the doorway.

Chapter: 76

Sliding down

We cut loose, and went to the old abandoned track in the sky, it is not all there anymore, yet it is a cool spot up in the air where the wind blows and you feel as if you are flying. I love having my hair whooshing backward,

as I look over the edge. I want to hold his hand and look down, feeling the ninety-five mile-per-hour wind rushing around me. I want it to be our first hook spot ever, and I was like nine ten he was like.

I keep this my dirty little secret for years, he was my true first, yet it was not the most romantic yet it was something, now looking back now how is the loser, it did it long before, yet it was with him so it was not cool, I never- ever said this to anyone, that he took me. Yet play around like that with

a boy that was me, he wanted to know so I said okay. It was the first time seeing all that- you know, at least mine was real, and not like time two at a party.

This thing is so high- I get sick of feeling so short at like four-foot, on top that I can see the world by looking down, and they are looking up at me, my mom and grandmother were all the same size also, if not shorter, or so they say.

The car is old and dusty and looks like no one has been in it for

years on the outside, it is just blacked and crusty, the only car other than the coal car behind the locomotive, and it too is rusted red-ish orange. They used to have tripped over this thing and park it on the bridge, and you spent the night up in the stars, and so that is what we did on a big full moon night. In the big bed looking out the one side of all those old windows.

The car and train sit here for there was a fire or something on that line, and this becomes the new home of the serving remanences about half a

mile in, the train was going over and was near the end on the one said when the wind took it all down, and all the cars but one fall all the many feet to the ground below, yet it never steamed over again. There sits the old Pullman car. It's red and has black, with yellow writing on it, up till now I am not sure what it says. It was a custom car made just for spending the night on top of the linked- mountains. The train is all the same color for what I can make out, dating around the 1800s or so, that what my dad said anyway we and he were up here, oh so long ago. We both

walked up to her and me on the left, tacking him on the right hand-woven tight.

The grass tall the track worn, and feet sore, from the journey there. Over smaller yet high crossings that have known side rails. Inside you can see it is in touch, and all dark wood, I light one of the old lanterns, I thought down a towel, and we had juice pouches and P-P and J.

Romantic- No! It’s all good, he tried. It wasn’t about that anyway.

The bed is off to the back and looks like a five-star hotel room to us, there is a living room spot, where ass naked in the big old sofas… or next to it, we were playing house, and loving it. We were young but we feel- we were on the bed all night long. Looking out over… see the tree sway below. it was cold in the car, yet he keeps me warm, I was fogging up the windows, with my breath Moan it out in a sweet- yet sensual way, I was pressed upon it looking out as I was on top, he was looking up at me, yet I was looking out and at his eyes, at definite times.

I even kissed the glass to leave something behind, I wonder if it’s still there, and my name is covered in the old wood, next to his.

It was like I could hear the bell of the past, from the engine in front. He hands his nose in girl-lie-ness, and he said it smelt sweet, along with the test. You have to give it back. I thought I was a virgin at the time.

So, I took what he was going to give too, we're just playing, yet it must have been young love, that I feel too. I would say the inside of this car is all

Earth tones, soft, the top of the roof all white, and crap.

Damn, there is even a crapper in here, and I used it. Just take a dump onto the tracks. Just take a whiff of that one… I am so-o romantic when I want to be. (Her lip went up, and off to the side.) I saw a shooting star and made the wish to never be lonely, I guess that came true, I should have wished to be with him forever, instead- and never-ever let go. There was a plan that was lower than us up on this thing as we were rocking and a-rolling.

(Art deco style)

I know that Marcel wants to be all nice about it, us doing this more in his bed or wherever we can, yet we can for we have to take what we can get, like us- being together and all, you know all joined up, it just not happening the way it should. I want to make love more, and feel his love, all the love not just the sex, yet I want- want that also.

However, a girl wants these days is to be satisfied, and not so much hold off-sh, I want candy and flowers,

sure but have sex me, Jez-us! So just do me- and he did last night, I know this time, I had to find out it's a girl thing you know- I think it was the only time too, oh not the only time, only with him. I was afraid that the car would start rucking too much that it would go off the beige and roll down the tracks, where it was ripped off so many years ago.

Get this the bridge was built for one US dollar in like three weeks in the year 1882. The mean of this goes ten cents a week. So they went on the

stick and got less crap then that or so I have heard, that may be why it was weaker on that side too, it was done faster, ‘Like this one gets me- why would you take out old rivets that are plated in, and put in bolts with thinner plates said my dad, when what was there was stronger they why it was for over a hundred three years.

‘It was- too kill-lll- it.’ he said ‘For it was too freaking high up in the middle. I would know I am an engineer, I said- ‘leave it, just go with a lighter

train as it would be fine even if it was rebuilt.

Freak- just re-rivet the thing not a nut and build! Threads give and break more, or work so they are not tight enough to hold strong and get more brittle than what was there. PA pisses me off for FREAKING with it!'

My dad never says the F-word, in front of me, unless it to my b*tch of a mother. This is how I knew about this place, and how he did, from the historical crap'n thing-ie. My dad worked on the yellow bridge that I went

down on, as the Gateway Clipper Cruise would go under, I have been on that thing like seven times, fun crap. I am sure my mom and dad were too; I was on it with Marcel too yet we were going as friends so they all thought. I could go to a Steelers game yet freak that too, sports do nothing for me, or my friends, yet Jenny finds a way to get in and be with someone. She was even in the glassed-out part with a man. Money talks for her- not me.

Back in the car, we had the time of our lives… and this is how it went.

Um- Just aw-ha- like- push me up agent you- um-hum.

Aw-wah- standing- sliding, thrusting- pushing- in-out and up and down.

Until the end never feel as if it is going to come.

Not stopping until it goes off… NO!

YES!

-Breath- ‘Ahaw’

He was sitting in a puddle of mine, which went a-crossed the room. Going off, at a point together, then started to slide down, with me sliding down the wall with his; penis in my vagina.

In the sitting position, all pushed and back out not too fast, not too slow, I could feel it in and go down on him, at this point, I am just SCREAM-ING his name!

YES!

Yet- I am a lady-

I don’t give two crap who hears us now!

That was extraordinary!!! -I yelped! Yes, yes it was he said, out of breath

OH my God and I don’t say that!

#- Hashtag: (Good ending, elated endings, and feelings strong)

Chapter: 77

Suck it

I want to freaking kill- a teacher at this point, or someone at my school, I feel like I never have a career. So this one of these days, I watched a porno at a high school while the teacher was looking and saying nothing anyways, the music was okay, (Bon-ka wanna- bon ka) I had it blasting out for us all to hear, yet it was only supposed to me, as I have on my big ASS headphones, I did get why everyone was looking simple at me, until the teacher- was in my face look on the screen patting me on the head, like my dad. ‘So, you’re big into sax solo-ing I

see.’ Yes, do you want to see me do her on the desk, the same as what they made me look at in PE min-us the bushes? He jolted up his shoulders making a face as I got it- but then he said- ‘Now take your cutie down to the office.’ Sure- it was shrugged only on the one side- you know… I was rubbing into it also; he saw that- it's one-one of those good ass days. I was hoping to get off and get out of that class like all of them, freak them all, I feel I was doing a good job, or so they said. The teacher's name is Hood, like go and freak off and leave that hood to find it

yourself. I don’t need to show you. Yet that’s okay, I was at home.

(Why don’t I feel like I was in class doing that- hell if I know?)

I-yah didn’t go there, my gut was grumbling so inside, I went to the cafeteria did wash my hand either so yeah- yah-no, I just rubbed it in- anyways, and there were having pork-stuffed burritos with extra sour cream and guacamole, whatever the freak that is- it looks like one big ass turd - sandwich to me on the plat-

Um-mm- that’s one big tasty turd!!!

Freak! Ha- I love the word FREAK it can be used as a noun, verb, or adjective.

I am going to prove that- what the freak, this is freaking crap, and I am getting freaked.

Freak it all in the ass hole!

Chapter: 78

By my hair, and everywhere

Marcel- ‘Oral sex is the new goodnight kiss, okay…? That’s nice… as

a guy that's sick! What if she finds me, and I have to kiss those lips after she did that, it just like eating out his d*ick- that’s sick! No matter how many times she brushes her teeth or floss, or baths I still feel I get what he gave her, and now want I want her to have. I think about you on this one and it turns me so off, maybe that why it never- ever would have worked.

And even if you are doing that and you’re with a guy and say you didn’t I still think you did, for all girls are like this today, just giving it away.

Let’s just say you do it with him and then you do that guy now you want to do it to me… One word for it is- gross when it should have been all mine from the start, and only! Girls if that's not run through your mind now it should be.’ It was like last year when Karly when went with Ray to Prom, she was all into me then, and I cut in and got my dance, and then we ran off, to my car in the lot and made while you get it, and we did it there I had to think about that as we made out. It just got to the point, which I was like go, I’ll find someone else that will love only me.

What if she believed in me… what if she did care, what if it was not a waste of time. What if she loves me more than any other, what if it would have just happened sooner, and then she felt she was safe for the words that ricochet.

I recall her saying- ‘I am very happy with my boyfriend and I see him in my future so I wish you could respect that.’ ‘Why should I respect that, when you do not get it and, and I don’t have to, for that ring is not on your finger, that's why I don’t have to. And now that is not very wrong it’s very right if you

would see that, and not be so dumb about it. My God you are not married to the guy. You need to stop listening to your friends so much… What are you so scared of? What…? Just FREAKING say it! WHAT! I think I know why, but just say- why from you! What is wrong with you being so cold, you're not like that.'

~*~

Karly- Sex is all I think about- and want, yet can seem to have it in me and right, or was it in the past and I fail to remember, here I am at the best dinner we'd had in years, it was years

ago, I said- to myself, as I sit thinking back on that time up there in there and crap.

We are all stuffing our faces, even Madilyn, she is drinking margarita after margarita in different flavors- I feel sick just looking at this crap, maybe lovesick in the flashback I was having, I am not sure- really. I feel I need that back, that day, and those sweet thoughts. I want it all that has always been the issue with me, I have to have it my way and that has always got me into something I didn't want to

be in. I see them all laughing so loudly, I don’t give a freaking crap at this point.

At least one table asked to be moved to a different part of the restaurant, for Jenny was farting too much and loudly I might add, God- I'm going to toss my cookies as she did. I don’t remember what we were even talking about, but at one point Madilyn (Maddie) took a picture of Liv wearing flashing her crap, and showing her see-food in her mouth… she was showing the chewed-up bits of crap.

She said- she was going to dump the entire thing of hot sauce into Maddie’s ass crack. In the corner of the people getting up and walking out, I don’t give a crap. I feel like doing that also. I want my old life back I was thinking in another flashback of the past, ‘He was romping in my mind, and oscillation in my blood.’ At this point, I am on my cell just to hold it all down and gag it all back up, it's not mine- anyway.

I tap on Jenny’s Facebook and see nipples in my face or whatever

those things she has are… ones an innie… I think, looking at how freaked-up her face is on this… one… eyes… is-almost closed, shut. You can see a third of Jenny's profile and all sexy photos as she calls them, I don't have a name for this crap.

(She's doubling and did-a-king over them, cracking up, her face was a bright purple. One hand is clutching her stomach. I just want to get off!!!)

What nice table manners and etiquette, NO-?

Yes! I would say…

Liv- Freak- Me- Gross!

Maddie- Piss’n- Sh*t!

Me- As there all huddled around me looking at my phone it’s the gayest group hug to be in, so many girls all up on your junk and crap. I think I was getting some and felt up to like a holy d*ick!

It's- Dope! (Rankled up your nose, and she rolled eyes.)

After dinner, Jenny threw down her mom’s credit card to pay for the whole thing. She’s only supposed to use

it for tragedies, but she leaned forward over the table and made us all grab hands like we were praying. And she said- ‘Lord! I want to be freaked SO-Ooooo hard to the night that you hear me say your name, oh- yeah- um- freak-LORED-E, he- he- he, I don’t even think you're there, I think all of this is-a- crap is just freaking horse crap! Like- it’s all crap, and s-sh-crap on the pages, (Sweetly- A-man.’) Jenny threw Liv’s bible a-crossed the room hitting some old ninety-year-old lady in the face, who said to hush up, eat that crap she said.

You done said Liv- I don’t think that was right, I not for it either yet just shut the freak up, you look dumb.

Jenny- ‘Hell it is all just a fantasy story, of an old man with their d*ick out, sucking each other like all that is in the writing why read it.’

Maddie- ‘Like- feel that way okay- we don’t want to hear it… stop, look at these faces in here, where getting embraced.’

Me- I don’t feel quite that way yet I get the fiction that she is saying. I don’t know what to believe in if

anything also, yet I try not to think about it, that what they want you to do, be brainwashed, and p*ssy whipped. (Jenny going to hell I know… NOW! Yet I thought that was funny at the time. She can read that is one thing.)

‘She is my friend, yet I feel this has become a disaster,’ She laughed because she was being melodramatic as usual, just injudicious. The plan was to go off to a party afterward yet I feel I may get jail time for this crap this time: it’s become a tradition to piss off old crap’n people at the start of the

weekend we had the unabridged night ahead of us. Everyone was in a blameless mood. Jenny was being normal, and that if fun to us and piss the old ones off, that don't freaking get it.

She went to the bathroom after the woman got up and dumped the margaritas all over saying- 'Find some kind of realign.' I knew that she was going to go anyway to fix her makeup, and five seconds after she left the table, the cops came and she was not the one that got the cuffs, it was us girls that

went downtown. She- F-n booked, out the bathroom window.

Everyone is laughing at us as we get into the cars, I had to be warning white just my luck- right. Every one of those hit me all at once: old people know how to throw crap. ‘Just hose the b*tch down one said. And she was older than my grandmother.’

I’d never had to pee so badly in my life, either being soggy- and wet down there. Yet I'm sure she didn’t even have to piss. I was sprinting for the bathroom when I was talked, still

laughing for I had to, while Liv and Madilyn throw at me with a half-eaten sandwich, and crumpled napkins and yelled, ‘Jesus is going to get you, Jenny, for freaking him in the ass hole with your strap-on d*ick.’ You should have seen the faces now! It was like Niagara Falls duping crap and piss all over me, ah more like their food and crap, but I think you got that right- dumb ass, ah I love yah, keep reading this crap… it is not like you have a life either.’

And ‘If it’s yellow, you get it!’ so another table asked to be moved yet

why would they want to say at this point a show and dinner I get it- I think.

The yellow- crap, well- I peed… okay, it happens to us girls.

The bathroom was single-person, I was thrown five feet into the door by the big d*ick of a cop threw the door and a girl screamed as she was latterly crap-ing on the crapper as I flew inwards on her, just hump me I said, and get off. (Brakes throw the door, is what she did. It was hugging from one hang…) ‘Funny- you like other girls, in your ass.’

Why yes- yes- I do officer. (She’s on the floor looking up, just batting those eyes sweetly.) I said- offers d*ick-head; I can flash you to get out of this right?) He said- ‘Don’t think so sweetie!’

(So, she did…) ‘FREAK!’ the guys say. The one whiff-ie punched her husband in the face for looking, it was a good ass night. I was looking at the calling yet wondering where Jenny went too, I know where she went, it's a good hiding spot yet it's my spot- ever- ever hers. You’re crazy to be up there

now. Hours later after my dad was called, I went up there, thinking I am nuts for going on to this thing. I start rattling the handle at the same time, as I was calling out her freaking real name.

'Jenn-a Jenn-a Tal-ya!' you're a p*ssy! I walked in and she was dying! Her face blue, and her skin cold, her eyes wide open, saying help me, she was on the bed ass naked, saying he got me, with a knife in it. She was followed by someone for saying what she said or something that she did, it

caught up with her, yet she'll make it like she always does. Her note was left on the other window on the other side, saying- I want it all to stop, I never wanted to do anything to anyone.

Along with these lyrics that she copied off her cell phone, which she looked up: 'But I'm on the outside… I'm looking in, I can see through you, see your true colors. Because inside you're ugly; you're ugly like me. I can see through you, see to the real you. 'And it's- you that I will never feel or have,'

and that was all spelled wrong even though she copied it all.'

~*~

Whom does she want to have?

How or who… I asked- she said- 'Don't.'

Jenny- (I did it to myself for the attraction. I am freaked up- okay. That's why I dyed, they wanted me too.)

(Me- I think it was my sister that did it.) (Ray- it wasn't me, I got out after a year, I am sitting in this cell for a reason, she's not believing me, yet I

blame Marcel as she did also.) I scream and run to the cops yet they didn’t believe me.

I guess she’d been in a rush to get in there, for she hadn’t locked the door correctly and it was left somewhat opened, we- I walked through, I was leaning against it, as I flow into the sight of her laying there. I tumbled into the bathroom, to find that she killed me and my sister's kitten, Cotton, she was still laughing when I walked in about killing something that I loved, the girl has just gone nuts, expecting Jenny is

standing in front of the I see her in the mirror with her lips beading holding the knife over me, saying it you or your sister take your pick, you both are freaking me over so one shill goes now.

I fought her off me and ran to the door. I feel like I was going to go over the edge. The handrail is long gone now. She had me by the neck, saying- ‘I shall kill you for this…’ What did I do? ‘Just be so freaking perfect! I can’t stand it, I'm not you!’ She was talking all crazy and crap. I was over she was holding me by my feet and one

of my feet gave way, and my shoe was it. I was going to go down with the bridge… I just feel it. and then just like that she goes all nice and crap and started freaking out that she needed to pull me back up, yet no way was going to happen, so I just a few, and I thought I was going to die that time too, yet somehow I live and woke up in my be naked and happy- to go on, yet that was months ago, yet living the same date. It's like she keeps trying to get rid of me and she can and crap.

Shove down the toilet was the dissevered head of my little cat, I screamed my head off after the fact, my sis didn't eat, sleep, for days all she did was the cry of our kitten, and the remains were laid to rest next to the old car over a-crossed the way. She flushed but not quickly enough, for all of it to go… I loved my cat. She knew all my ups and downs in life. I saw two entire undigested tomato pieces swirl down the toilet bowl. All of the laughter left me instantly, as I was going downward quickly. 'I feel safe doing this, yet I thought it was my time this

time?’ I asked, even though it was obvious.

~*~

Your bridges are burning down, they're all coming down, they're all coming around, gather in the ashes, scattered not to be found, as they blow around, they threw me away, living on another day, not much to say, not much I can say, it’s all going down there all around, don’t make a sound, fallen to the ground.

~*~

It a new day and it starts with me and my sister all over again, freak just learns how to do this yourself, Jesus-H-Crist the girls freaking stupid' faces light up with recognition, as I say sure, and I walk out of the 'Bathroom, get ready for it.' Show me- Show me- what I need to do! God shoot me now, freak! Freak! Freak! Crap! Freak!

Buzz- buzz!

(Mind thoughts not my own)

I am going to hell for this. I just know it. I feel like I am being someone robot- that they program, I feel what

they want me to feel with me inside, they can get into my body and act it out using my mind, it’s like they have the technology up there to run me even if I don’t want to run.

I have to go through this to get it or so that say- and I still don’t get it. Occupancy with reason with the extraordinary, while let us do the undoable, let us get ready to deal with the indescribable and aforementioned, and see if we may not- freaking goes nuts after all. I may not have gone where I intended to go, but I think I

have ended up where I needed to be, yet I don’t get why- do you? I love the end even if they're not all happy.

I love the whizzing noises as I fly downward, for it, it’s what makes me live, I love the death for the most alive you can be in life itself, it the height of going off that gets you not to feel so low. I want to be high all the time- to keep them off my mind, or even him whomever he may be. I know it must have been Ray… (Think again… a soft voice for with-in said.)

‘She lay into the whole enchilada in life with a fusion of bizarre mastermind, and childlike ineptitude and it was often problematical to tell which was right from wrong.’

Time is an illusion… of seconding ticking away to death, everything its death, to have a life. ‘Why eat if you’re going to die.’ Said Jenny, as she was sitting in her hospital bed, looking over her cell on Facebook making sure all her photos looked good and axing the one that didn’t show her good side. Before the end was nearing.

She asked to see me yet, I was reluctant to go in… Yet I did agent my mom's wishes.

My dad said- 'Folks- who think they know it all is a big frustration to those of us who know are crap.' I was standing by a little niche just before going into the kitchen when he said this at the hospital. 'Don't waste your time going after that crap! Don't be so naïve and simple-minded! She'll eat the crap out of you and come back for more.' He was starting to sound like me on that one, so I think he had enough of Jenny.

He said- ‘I’m not going to cry over the girl!’

There’s a line of people gathered in front of a closed door. I had to wait for three hours just to see this girl, my mom said I was insane! ‘Does this girl have charry tasting nipples or p*ssy for these boys to be rushing in like this…?’ My god dad- I said dropping my jaw- ‘Crap her harry little mouse should be worn out by now.’ It’s not hairy- dad! He looked at me with confusion- and said- ‘Umm- hum!’

(‘Sure, that where her mind went, missing ALL the importance.’)

So are in the waiting room, one girl has her legs crossed and hopping up and down, saying I have to pee yet I am not giving up my seat or spot. She was the most popular girl in the school where over a thousand people came to her laying out to see her in this like a see-through nightgown. Even in death she gets the last giggle and has to show off her goodies. She made sure everything looked preteen, down there and back up, her face airbrushed to

perfection, it sickens- me for I know I would never get any of the crap, down, or even look that good even alive.

(Old hospital, called: Miners)

I dislike the elevators, the hum- and rattle and I get stuck it one-time, big drafty windows way at the end, you can hear: ‘Paging Dr. What-the-freak!’ and see bed flying down the halls, kids where have wheelchair races and whiling crap, and one nard was shoved into a body bag, and thrown to the shaft of the elevator, and left, he still

might be there…? Kids these days… who do they think they are- me.

(Flashback to the hallway)

There is a line, rapping the six-floor to the six-sixth room, kids are ripping open the door, and Jenny getting off to some I swear to someone on that she is and that's the big man above while okay then, I see her kissing a boy and even down to the youngest girl… and that pissed me off so much, I walked away, saying I saw yet I never did, and maybe that why I feel guilty about passing this up, it's not like I can

go back and say goodbye! I kick myself, yet feel it was right yet wrong. Jenny thinks she is a sexy beast! Yet everyone gave her a big head.

Death is all I want to think about, like… at this point, one year ahead!

Leaving without her next to me, I want to die for her, so I can be with her.

Locking back which would have been, her now that she doesn’t remember me, yet she does and does not want me any longer.

‘Hey Karly, good to see you again!’ (She looks at me the same with love, yet the feel is not being received all the way in.) ‘What the heck's her problem?’ ‘She doesn't want to remember who you are, bra.’ ‘Oh yeah. I suck at life that’s right!’

Karly- I hardly know you.

Olivia- ‘Actually sweetie, your kind were dating each other.’

(Karly looks at him)

‘Yeah. Sorry, I'm not better looking.’

(Giving a wink)

#-Hashtag: (Girl from hell, hell riders, her coming from underneath)

Chapter: 79

It's Winking at Me!

Books of what right and what’s wrong in a teen's life.

(Going back three weeks)

One of them points to her watch and says something I can’t hear, but she looks pissed. ‘She’s been in there for, like, twenty minutes,’ a sophomore says, she was eating with

her parents- ‘like such a loser thing to do, like for real you do that and you may as well so suck a d*ick in front of a Holy-Father, it’s the same to us, or so, Liv said. What is she like five I said even my little pain in the butt sis get to go places, all by herself?’ ‘Yeah but is that a good thing, Liv asked, you know she is freaking boys- and not and not playing with her toys, your boy is her new toy, and I know she is using you power-toys also, always a baby you shall stay, unless you break away for her, that bring you down with her.’ My stomach drops to my feet feeling it all

wants to come back- up. I almost got sick right near the bathrooms, I was close by. I have pills, for that and that also. I have razors too and, I feel, I could do that, also, and not give two-craps.

People lock themselves in bathrooms' glass when they want to I can do that too, of break it and cut myself as I want to all so I want to do bad things, like have sex or throw up, freak and never stop, kill something or someone, have a threesome or something unforgivable or unbelievable

to be remembered by- for there not kill themselves, to be like me. So far- I do it every day for them, to slice me up one side and down the other, they have end freaked through me, at least my girlfriend can't do that as those boys do.

(Lunchroom)

'Liv…? Are reading that same pace of crap again?'

'It sucks, not that heard it better than Twilight pace of horse crap, that I could write better in one day- yet come on, like read something else, I am

just in love this man writhing I can’t help it, then read something else, by him, I never even thought of that really, in a dumb moment of Eureka! Do you read Twilight? Are you freaking five… that for babies! Said Ray, boy falls to freaked up face guy, and she has no freaking face yet she looks freaking high all the time, oh may- and thing happens.

You suck for saying this book sucks! Said liv is awesome! Where does the daemon come out of? Asked Maddie, Liv- ‘My book says out of there

girls’ p*ssy’s.’ Maddie- ‘Smartass that not what that meant at all- sick-o, as she leans over and reads into her open book down on her lap, I can look at the spot art at the banging’s over the chapters, and get what they meant, and that not what I see, her laying on her bed feeling all that she lost. Some of these my mom said are graphic, I don’t think so get with the time's mom and dad, like a holy freak! It’s just a naked girl like me, sitting in her room, on her octagon window bench, look down at herself showing it all, (like we girls do that you know- I know I do) with her

hand just about to touch it, (and more) showing her tight little line of girl-ie-ness, feeling said with a tear running down her cheek.’ (Just- Get over it!)

~*~

-A week has passed-

My days there were not supposed to go this way, I read the first page. I’m supposed to say to you. I elbow Liv saying okay can I have this when you’re done with it, sure, you might just get something out of it you need. I get up for the food line and

start shoving through the line of people crowded there, all the way to the front.

I'll read more, yet I know it will take me more time than she took, she knows it off by heart. He taps me on the nose, and I softly with his one finger; like he does after he kisses me, and I am on top of him skin to skin find it so-cute- to me.

(Nevaeh lived a hundred years, yet never-ever met Karly she was in her little world, or so her mother said.)

'I feel she didn't know what to know about her, her mother that is.'